BEAVER ARGUS.

BEAVER, PENN'A.

Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 1863.

T. G. NICHOLSON & Co., Proprietors.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; otherwise Two Dollars will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are settled.

Letters and communications, by mail shall have prompt attention.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 39--No. 2. Beaver, Wednesday, January 14, 1863. Established 1818

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square, each subsequent insertion 25 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

A space equal to twelve lines of this type measured as a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.

Business Cards, 76 cents a line, per year.

Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE. 1863.

The New-York Tribune, first issued in 1841, in its twenty-second year, has obtained both a larger and a more widely diffused circulation than any other newspaper ever published in America. Though it has suffered, in common with other journals, from the volunteering and departure of tens of thousands of its patrons to serve in the War for the Union, its circulation on this 6th of December, 1862 is as follows:

Daily	50,125
Semi-Weekly	17,250
Weekly	148,000
Aggregate	215,375

Pre-eminently a journal of News and of Literature, The Tribune has political convictions which are well characterized by the single word Republican. It is Republican in its hearty adhesion to the great truth that "God has made of one blood all nations of men"—Republican in its assertion of the equal and inalienable rights of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—Republican in its steadfast, earnest, defiant hostility to every scheme and effort of the Slave Power, from the Annexation of Texas to the great Rebellion, to grasp the empire of the New World and wield the resources of our country for its own aggrandizement—Republican in its antagonism to the despots of the Old World, who fondly hail in the perils and calamities suddenly thrust upon us by their American counterpart the overthrow and ruin of the Model Republic—Republican in its hope and trust, its faith and effort, that this atrocious Rebellion must result in the signal overthrow of its plotters, and the firm establishment of equal rights and equal laws throughout the whole extent of our country, wherein Liberty and Union shall indeed be "one and inseparable" henceforth and forever.

The Tribune devotes attention in other times, and to some extent in these to Education, Temperance, Agriculture, Inventions, and whatever else may minister to the spiritual and material progress and well-being of mankind; but for the present its energies and its columns are mainly devoted to the invigoration and success of the War for the Union. Its special correspondents accompany every considerable army and report every important incident of that great struggle which we trust to result in the final and conclusive triumph of the Nationalities and in the restoration of Peace and Union to our distracted and bleeding country. We believe that no other issue can be filled or more worthy the view of the progress and change of this momentous conflict, be obtained than through the regular press of our localities. And we earnestly solicit the cooperation of all kinds of friends in a work which we regard and endeavor as that of Universal Humanity, to aid us in extending its circulation.

TERMS.

The cash system, here as in the price of printing paper and other materials has compelled us to adopt, in order to keep up the character of our paper, we are compelled to increase the price of The Tribune.

DAILY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy ..... 3 cents.
Mail Subscriber ..... $3 per annum.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

One Copy, one year ..... $2.
Two Copies, one year ..... $3.
Five Copies, one year ..... $12.
Ten Copies, one year ..... $22 50.
Additional copies will be sent to clubs of ten.

WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

One Copy, one year ..... $2.
Three Copies, one year ..... $5.
Five Copies, one year ..... $8.
Ten Copies, one year ..... $15.
Any larger number, addressed to clubs of twenties, $1.50 each. An extra copy will be sent to every club of ten.

Twenty Copies, to one address, one year, $25, and any larger number at same price. An extra copy will be sent to clubs of twenty. To clubs of fifty THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be sent. To clubs of fifty THE DAILY TRIBUNE will be sent gratis.

Address THE TRIBUNE,
Tribune Buildings, New-York.

When drafts can be procured it is more safe than to remit Bank-Bills. The name of the Post Office and State should in all cases be plainly written.

Subscribers who send money by Express must prepay the Express charges, else it will be deducted from the remittance.

The Tribune Almanac for 1863 will be ready about Christmas.

"Union Hotel,"

BEAVER, PENN'A.

ALEX. CLARK, Proprietor.

In addition to the conveniences of a first class Hotel, the Proprietor has fitted up in his house, in a complete and satisfactory manner, an

OYSTER SALOON,

where the best quality of Oysters may be obtained during their season, in any desired style. Families can be furnished with Oysters, by the can or dozen. The table is furnished with all the luxuries the PITTSBURG MARKET can afford.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited. doc17

PROF. WOOD'S RESTORATIVE CORDIAL and Blood Renovator, the genuine article, for sale at the Drug Store of

DR. S. P. SUMMERS.

THANKSGIVING SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE LOCUST STREET M. E. CHURCH, HARRISBURG, PENN., BY REV. FRANKLIN MOORE, D.D.,

November 27th, 1862.

Psalm c., 4.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

1 Samuel xii., 24.—Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things He hath done for you.

A grand moral spectacle is witnessed on the earth to-day: millions of the inhabitants of several sister commonwealths of this great Republic are seen entering into the courts of Jehovah, in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving, because of the "great things" which he hath done for them. They enter there, also, in the spirit of fervent supplication for mercies and blessings in the future; a national future which is freighted heavily with the destinies of universal humanity.—This reverent gathering of the people into the temples of the living God is a pre-eminently grand spectacle, when we remember that they lift up their voices in arise and hole song, while their eyes are still brimming and glistening with the tears of tender sorrow for the mighty who have fallen on the high places of human glory; fallen as the martyrs of liberty and law. Surely there is reason to hope that the thank-offerings of these millions, thus given in defiance of the throes of tribulation, will be acceptable in the sight of the Most High, who hath taught us in his word, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God."

Let us now glance briefly at some of the goodnesses of God to us as a Nation. The intelligent and pious American will never cease to cherish unfeigned gratitude to God for our national inheritance—the land in which we dwell. It is both a great and goodly inheritance. It sweeps through vast ranges of latitude and longitude—thus embracing many varieties of climate and soil. It is prolific and varied in its productions. The stamp of majesty is on its prairies, lakes, and rivers. They call it the New World, because of its being the scene of a present development of civilization—a civilization the eclectic result of the onworking of all previous ages. But, geologically, it is an Old World, familiar with the fossings and beatings of oceans which have long since passed away. It bounds in primary rocks, while its Devonian Alleghenies, or, in the beautiful nomenclature of the Indians, "the Endless Mountains," are older than the Alps. Its geological history and structure point it out as the appropriate field for unfolding a magnificent nationality. The sweep of its mountain and and rush of its rivers give emphatic testimony touching its adaptation for an United Empire rather than for the strifes and jealousies of many petty principalities. There is not an Alleghany crag, from Northern Alabama, through Tennessee, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, to all the outliers of the system in New England, which does not protest against the dissolution of this Union. When interrogated by the Genius of Patriotism upon this tremendous national question, their answer runs like the count along army ranks, from one to another, "No! No! Never! Never!" until all together, in deep diapason, they roll out the full response, awfully majestic as the thunders which peal along their cloudy summits, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder!" The waters, too, of our rivulets and great rivers clamor in rebellion against such a dissolution of States as is sought after by blinded conspirators. Go to the hills whence the Allegheny and Monongahela drip and tinkle through mossy banks; go to the crags whence the Conemaugh leaps; trace along its rocky channel; follow the gathering floods as they roll along the shores of the Beautiful River; see them as they commingle with other floods which boil from afar—from the lofty ranges of the dark and distant West—from where Itasca glitters as the eye of the frosty North. Now see these huge floods all blended into the Mississippi, and rolling thro' forests of cane rattling in the wind—through towering, grey and tufted cotton trees—amidst blossoming and fragrant orange groves, until, with a mighty murmer, they mingle with the billows of the Mexican Gulf—jubilantly clasp hands with the heaving, uplifted floods of the sea! But, hark! sublime as the response of many singers in Antiphony—eternally as the surls beat and dash against the muddy shores of the Delta—the clamoring billows roar back to the merry, splashing spray of the far-off mountain rocks, "We are one forever, while the earth remaineth, forever and forever one!"

The genius of the age in which we live favors this teaching of geographical truth in regard to our national career. It is an age in which the Nations are drawing more closely together, instead of rushing violently asunder. The great heart of the Peoples of the earth is beating, although to a large extent unconsciously, in sympathy with the divine law of brotherly kindness. This deep and irrepressible beating of the hearts of many millions of men for a closer union—as, by way of example, for Italian, Germanic, Sclavonic unity, is a sublime step onward towards that blessed time when the brotherhood of the race shall be the law that reigns in all souls. Why, oh, why, shall Anglo-Saxons on the American Continent fall out of the line of the marshalled nations as they move on to the goal of universal love? There can be no valid objection, moreover, in this age of the world, to an extensive and continuous territorial dominion exercised by men of the race, men speaking the same language, adhering to the same religion, though tolerant of all forms of faith—men governed by the same fundamental civil laws. The multiplied facilities of intercourse among men—steam ships, railways, telegraph lines—can now link the vast spreadings of a continent into the intimacies of a compact commonwealth. A republic stretching from the torrid zone to the icy walls of the north, and from ocean to ocean, can be made more homogenous—infused with the spirit of one life—more perfectly, than could be done some centuries ago in a dominion embracing not a tithe of such territory.

Inasmuch, then, as a great Union of States is demanded by the physical outlines of the North American Continent, and is, by the spirit and circumstances of the age, at once desirable and practical, it is with gratitude to God that we record what we believe to be a great historic truth: *The great majority of the American people love the Union.* Yes, let praise arise up before God to-day—and like cloudy incense mantle his throne—from thousands of his holy temples—that He hath thus far put it into the hearts of the masses of the people of all parties in politics—of all creeds in religion—of all races of men enjoying citizenship, to love the Union of these States; to love it with a depth of feeling and a pertinacity of purpose which no subtility of treason has been able to uproot. The uprising of this great people has been so sublime, in the mere fact of numbers, that we may, substituting one nation for another, cry out in the language of the Prophet, Columbia "riseth up like a flood, and his waters are moved like the rivers!" The uprising of this great people for the defense of their government and national life, is an event that eclipses, take it all in all—remembering the principles which are involved—the mightiest national evolutions which have thus far transpired and riveted the gaze, attracted the thoughtful study of the world. In the pending contest of light against darkness, of civilization against barbarism, this people have lavished their treasure as the gold of Ophir; they have placed the darlings, the delights of their hearts and home on the altar of patriotism. Then, with uplifted eyes to Heaven, they have said, "O God! we count not our lives dear unto us in this cause, if so be that we may save our country. For this cause we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. O God! look down from Heaven, thy dwelling place, and prosper the work of our hands; pity and bless us in the sacrifices of our hearts; comfort us in our sorrows; bring us from our straits into a wealthy place; and we will praise thee forever and ever!" The hospital wards—the bleaching bones and mouldering forms on a battle-field, the quiet graves which are scattered all over the land from Maine to Missouri and Kansas, the thousands of pallid faces and maimed and halting men who are now seen in the land; the bereaved hearts which cluster this day around their hearthstones in sadness—"the rapture of thanksgiving mingled with tears;" all these things proclaim how faithfully the vow has been maintained. Thank God, to-day, for such a sublime illustration of heroic principle. It is indeed an augury that, to use the words of our Commander-in-Chief, "whose energy and religious zeal a nation admires, "the just cause must prevail." Long as the world endures, when men would receive strength of heart for a crisis of trial, would be guided in the pathway of duty in times of national doubt and danger, they will turn back with eager eyes to the conduct of the American people in their resistance to the huge oligarchic conspiracy of these times against God and Liberty.

But, my hearers, while the masses of the people are faithful to "the just cause," are so by the honest instincts of their natures, the truth of history requires that it be stated, there is an exception to the lofty patriotism of the people. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." Yea, our enemies have triumphed, and do rejoice over the fact with exceeding gladness. There is in the land a small class of politicians for whose ignoble conduct no great political party can be justly held responsible. Some of these politicians have long since been resolved into the mournful rigidity of *petrified partizans.* Hearts of stone have they—more deaf than the adder which refuseth to be charmed, though one charm her never so wisely, to the appeals of a sublime, comprehensive patriotism. Yet they have hearts of flesh for the contracted calls of party; they are submissive as the galley-slave to what they suppose, often erroneously, to be the interests of party, thereby often digging their grave, so far as the influence extends, instead of lifting aloft in embattled and abiding strength, the ramparts of any party with which they may hold fellowship. The wise and prudent of such parties may well say, "Save us from our friends!" Such men as these are the political zealots who take upon themselves complacently to direct, whether themselves be tinctured with infidelity or smitten with open ungodliness matters little in their estimate, what is the legitimate province of the Christian pulpit. They would forbid the ministers of the gospel to touch great questions which can only be solved successfully by the teachings of Divine revelation; questions which are wide as humanity, and whose issues are in eternity—that eternity with which the office of the Christian ministry holds such intimate relationship. And alas, alas! it is to be feared there are yet some ministers of God in free states, in times like the present, when the foundations of society are rocking with revolution, who are afraid of the frowns of such men; who dread to thunder out the causes and the cure of the revolutionary attitude of things; such timid heralds of salvation shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God touching the momentous national crisis lest they shall trespass upon the unreasonable prejudices of such men, and be charged with *political preaching.* They suffer themselves to be overawed by a class of men who are wilfully ignorant of the fact that the Hebrew prophets were also Hebrew patriots. Appropriately does the Thanksgiving Proclamation of the patriotic Governor of Pennsylvania have this language: "And especially praying Him to give Christian churches grace to hate the thing which is evil, and to utter the teachings of truth and righteousness, declaring openly the whole counsel of God."—The Church of God, as the resolutions of her synods and conferences prove, has done nobly for law and right thus far in this crisis. But mightier effort is still demanded of her. My hearers, I tell you solemnly to-day—I would sound it out from this pulpit in the Capitol city of Pennsylvania—into the ears of all her millions, whom I love as the citizens of my native state, I would sound it out into the ears of the loyal citizens of all these states—"The times are upon us wherein the church of God must gird up her loins for the conflict with error; wherein the Church of God must reveal herself as the conservator of social order, *—the break-water of law and liberty, rolling back triumphantly the onrushing surges of the raging passions of demagogues!"* I believe she will be true and faithful, and that in this crisis the promise of her Lord will be verified: the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

One section of the class of men of whom I have spoken as not being really, unconditionally loyal to the Union, have boxed the political compass more or less completely—never without a transparent motive for their various degrees of change.—The only thing in which they have maintained genuine consistency, is in their deeply-rooted aristocratic sentiments—a fact eminently qualifying them for faithful friendship with a haughty slave oligarchy. Some of this class of disaffected politicians are in many respects twin spirits of those false teachers of old, whom the inspired writers describe so vividly: "Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities;" "they speak great, swelling words of vanity;" "they are raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame;" their scorn of duly-constituted, heaven-ordained authority. Such men as these talk, with polished phrases, of conventions "with unlimited powers;" talk of the secession of cities from states. In other words, these malignant enemies of the dear people whom they profess, with flowing eloquence, to love so devotedly, and of whose rights they vaunt themselves to be the chosen guardians, propose to plunge the land all over, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania especially, into the horrors of revolution and social chaos. The crowning infamy of their plans and purposes is, that they coolly calculate on Christian men by thousands to aid them in the inauguration of their dominion of unlimited powers—a legitimate outflow of which self-constituted dominion is, of course, the stifling of every voice of liberty; the violent repression, if need be, of the speech of all who think our God has a heart of pity for the down trodden. Learning, wealth, piety, are to avail nothing to stay the ruthless hand of violence—if the person has the misfortune to have a heart to feel for the woes of his fellows; if he has the misfortune to lie under that sum of all infamy—to be conveniently classed, in the spirit of bitterness, among the hissed and hated Abolitionists. Oh! consistency, hide thine abashed head! These are the men who are in agony for free speech, and who are moaning piteously after the rule of the Constitution. Fellow-Christians, whither are we tending in the companionship of these dangerous men? Oh! Mercy, art thou about to fold thy wings, take thy flight aloft, and leave the world to darkness and to blood!

If Christians, as the conservators of society, wake not up betimes, we may indeed, all of us, of all parties, be driven whither we think not now. We may be startled, indeed, as by a fire-bell in the night. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed. The church and the country will wake up to the distilled malevolence which is flimsily disguised in the silvery phrases of these architects of ruin. Dashing themselves in their judicial blindness against the patriotic instincts of the millions, and against the religious life and principle of the nation—sooner or later, they will meet with resistance which the rock gives to the wave; they will meet with a terrible rebuke, which will consign them to their deserved obloquy and ignominy. Some of these blatant politicians have a sliding scale of patriotism. When the popular heart, as after the fall of Fort Sumter, is at white heat for the Union, then they speak honeyed words of loyalty, and make earnest protestations of fidelity to the cause of right. But when reverses occur to the national arms; when clouds gather and brood darkly around the ark of democratic liberty; when the popular heart is discouraged and sad;—then these men have no brave words that ring on the popular ear like a battle-trumpet—inspiring men to rise up, to do, to dare and to die. Truly our Bible teaches us that "confidence in an unfaithful man is like a broken tooth, or a foot out of joint." History will give these pseudo patriots their proper place. They are, by their actions, photographing themselves for the gaze of coming ages—that is, those of them who are not so insignificant as to be utterly forgotten, save in those eternal annals which note the falling of a sparrow to the ground. They are photographing themselves, not in the sweet, soft rays of heaven's sunlight, but rather in the red and glaring rays of the wrath of unborn millions!

With all the strength of contrast there is between beauty and deformity, light and darkness, shines out the example of such men as Dix and Dickinson of New York, and those sons of the magnificent, but much maligned, Massachusetts, whose status in civilization and appropriate place on the roll of national honor, the men of all states of the Union will in due time rejoice to acknowledge,—her twin historians Bancroft and Motley, her statesman-like Everett, and the man of iron will and unfailing fertility of intellectual shrewdness and caustic wit, her heroic Butler—the man who, with a great national heart beating in his bosom, would first rebuke the embattled legions of treason, of Southern wrongs, and *then* pause to plead the cause of Southern rights. Rhode Island furnishes her names of Sprague and Burnside in the illustrious list of those who furnish the living light which contrast so strongly with the murky shadows of lukewarm patriotism and doubtful loyalty of the men who owe all their influence to the glory of their country, and now in her hour of agony prove to the world, "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Ohio, the giant of the new states, is proud of her Tod:—Kentucky is proud of her Holt, and Guthrie and Breckinridge—the theologian, not the politician, of whom, as compared with his past prestige and power, we may exclaim, as was said of archangel ruined, "If thou beest he; but O, how fall'n!" Tennessee rejoices in her Johnson and Brownlow. Indiana in her Wright, still true to the motto which he inscribed on her chosen block in the monument to the Father of his Country—great, good Washington—"Indiana knows no North, no South—nothing but the Union." Our own Pennsylvania has her names to glitter in the throng of patriots whom after ages will delight to honor,—her Cameron, Curtin, Knox and Grier, and Scott, and Ross, and Shannon, and Rowe. There, too, is her Forney, whom every man who has not bidden a long farewell to candor must admit, from his gushing utterances of years, loves Pennsylvania with all his heart—the man who if you take from him all public station, still, with his hand resting on the mighty Press, is a living power in the land—a statesman out of office. Then, too, there are in this Commonwealth other men with whom patriotism is a rooted principle of the soul, a living fire in the heart, not a bauble to be bartered at political convenience—such as Pershing and Wakefield, and hosts of men who, while they may earnestly contend for their own political faith, will defiantly refuse a blind obedience to the dicta of men who, because they happen to act somewhat with a great political party of which they are the excrescences—the blight and bane—vainly imagine themselves to be the masked monarchs of freemen. Such men as I have just named, have too much reverence of God—too much allegiance to law—too tender a regard to the friendships which political differences do not sunder—too holy a regard to the quiet of their own home—to listen to plots of revolution. (For if the men I censure do not intentionally plot revolution, they at least advise, in partisan passion, such a line of action as will lead to it.) Such men will never consent to be parties in converting beautiful Pennsylvania, which has nurtured and blessed them, into one vast "Aceldama, that is to say, *The field of blood.*"

But of such a half-hearted, false-hearted, evil hearted, body of men as have been speaking, as furnishing a contrast to the list of worthies whom coming ages will honor—men who demean themselves as do they in this awful historic crisis, when true men are needed in all the walks of life—every sincere Christian, every heart, and not mere lip, patriot, should use the cry of the Patriarch: "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!" Do I seem to speak severely in my comments now given to you, and, so far as my feeble voice extends, given to my countrymen of all parties and creeds, whom I believe to be a unit in their honest love of the common country? My readers will remember there was a time in Jewish history, when Jabin, King of Canaan, who had nine hundred chariots of iron, for the space of twenty years "mightily oppressed the children of Israel." When Deborah, the prophetess, summoned Barak and the people to do battle for the life and liberty of the nation, some came and under God, triumphed over the oppressor, while others held back in their homes. Of these two parties, hear how inspiration speaks in the thrilling song of Deborah and Barak: "Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death, in the high places of the field. The kings came and fought, then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo; they took no gain of money. They fought from heaven; the stars, in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength. Then were the horse hoofs broken by the means of the tramplings, the prancings of their mighty ones."—Praise and triumph breathe here—Now, mark the reverse picture: "For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart. Gilead abode beyond Jordan; and why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on the sea shore, and abode in his creeks. Curse ye Meroh, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" It becomes this whole people to examine carefully whether they be in the faith of a living patriotism—a patriotism which surmounts party, and plants itself on the platform of adhesion to the national life—a patriotism which is willing to forego all preconceived prejudices and partisan projects, if so be the national Government and life be maintained. Be it known unto all men, of every section and shade of political sentiment, that whosoever is not carefully, conscientiously, and without mental reservation, true to his whole country in this crisis of her sorrow, that for him who thus doggedly clings to the passing shadows of party interest, instead of the enduring substance of the national life, there is nothing left but the cursings of outraged posterity. More awfully than the scowl of the mountain storms will the knitted brow of generations and ages settle down deeply, darkly on him. Of the wretched band of those who may prove faithless to the Union and the right, happy will be he whose obscurity screens him from especial notice. As a people, we are, in the Providence of God, placed in trust with an inheritance of human rights, of liberty for all people. If we suffer our eyes to be sealed to this truth, and betray our high trust, we become a dismembered nation in the retributive justice of God, we become, along with this disunion, the by-word, the hissing and scorn of all mankind. The Great Republic in which we have gloried from our childhood, will linger in history as, indeed, a massive thing, but a thing from which the mighty life has departed as effectually as life has vanished from the scattered bones of the Behemoth, the Mastodon, whose huge skeleton now bleaches in caves or crannies, slowly into dust, mingling with the detritus of all past and perished things. But I hasten with my theme of thanks to God for his manifold and great mercies to us as a people. There are two features of the times for which we ought this day to cultivate devout gratitude to the Ruler of Nations. There are three forms of national chastisement, which are clothed with peculiar horror: War, Famine, Pestilence. The first of these afflictions is upon us in great bitterness, and we would meekly bow under the chastened rod, and appeal to our heavenly Father, that, in his own good time, and so far as we are concerned, in a righteous way, He would relieve us of the staggering blows which make millions wail. But blessed be our God forever, that it hath pleased Him to distil the shower, to shed forth the sunlight and the dew, to preserve our fields from the canker worm, from blight and rust, so that the land is filled with plenty, and with the gladness of having food convenient for us.

We are sad to see the halting and maimed heroes of the battle fields of the Union, to think that they must suffer in silence so much of discomfort for the remnant of their days on earth. But then we rejoice that there are no infant wails because the mother's breast is barren, while she in turn lifts her fruitless, anguished cry to Heaven for that bread which is needful to sustain life. Thanks be unto our God that we are not compelled to see the feebleness of age coupled with the ghastly glare of famine. Then we have been shielded marvellously from the ravages of pestilence. The Angel of Death has not brooded in awful majesty over our cities, filling them with cries of the bereaved over thousands who had fallen suddenly before an unseen foe. It has pleased God to save us this agony thus far. He hath said, in his dealings with us thus far: "It is enough that this people shall, so many of them, be written widowed and fatherless by the ravages of the sword; that so many hearts shall, in an unlooked for hour, feel a rushing darkness around their souls, because the beautiful, the gifted and the good are torn away by the violence of battle; the pestilence shall be withheld from them." O, let us praise him with earnest hearts, with free flow of soul, for his mercy which endureth forever. The financial prosperity of the nation, in the midst of a great civil war, should also be borne in distinct memory at this time, when we delight to recount the mercies of Heaven. I have referred at some length to the goodliness of our national inheritance. Before I pass to another department of thought, permit me to say a few words about our noble Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The divine description of Palestine, is, in many of its features, vividly applicable to Pennsylvania:

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, *a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley,* and vines and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive and honey; *a land wherein thou shalt eat bred without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron,* and out of whose hills thou mayest dig."

The sources of her wealth are so steadily unfolding themselves, that in view of them, of the fertility of her valleys and hills, of her interminable lumber forests, of her almost immeasurable treasures of coal and iron, of her many wells of freely flowing oil, it is not an extravagance to speak of her as the Empire of Pennsylvania.

She has an eastern port where ships of the line can float in safety, and which can, with vigorous will, be made the rendezvous of a world-wide trade. She has a fine, lake harbor, looking out towards the vast Northwest. She has grand rivers, draining every section of her soil; she has artificial, internal lines of trade, and travel unsurpassed anywhere for the elements of sublimity which mark their construction—scaling, as some of them do, the massive sides of the Alleghenies, and, in one instance, triumphantly tunnelling the crest of the monarch mountain of them all. The scenery of the State is remarkably varied, bold and beautiful. We can listen within her limits to the tinkling of rills which twine among the hills and through the meadows like threads of crystal, and also hear, with awe smitten hearts, the solemn rush of broad and mighty rivers in their pathway to the sea. Central Pennsylvania seems like a vast field whereon the Supreme has expended a wondrous wealth of tracery in the curves of rivers and ranges of mountains. Rivers coil more gracefully than the fabled Coestus of Venus, while large mountains jut against each other, curve in coves, and stretch away in right lines—roll out with a flow of outline which transcends the elegance of figure with which a human artist would twine and trail a thread of scarlet. Thus does God here toy with the everlasting hills. The inhabitants of this State can rejoice in a noble ancestry. They are sprung from the calm, strong-souled Germans, who left the fatherland generations ago; from the sons of Ireland, Emerald of the Sea, and from the men who long since rustled from the banks and braes of Scotland to find with the men of England a free home in the New World. These men, of divers nations, swore eternal friendship around the altar of revolutionary freedom. The early progress of Pennsylvania as a colony, and the principles of universal brotherhood and peace in which the State was planted, must ever administer a real, well-founded gratification to her citizens. "There is nothing in the history of the human race," says Bancroft, "like the confidence which the simple virtues and institutions of William Penn inspired. The progress of his province was more rapid than the progress of New England." Of Penn's first grand treaty, made with the Indians beneath the elm tree at Shackamaxon, the historian, on documentary evidence, asserts: "The great treaty was not for the purchase of lands; its sublime purpose was the recognition of the equal rights of humanity." May the citizens of this Commonwealth never forget the principles which were afteward so authoritatively reiterated in the Declaration of Independence which was promulged from her beautiful metropolis on the fourth day of July, 1776! Considering her rapid colonial progress, and the peaceful sentiments of her founder, though humanity is not yet ripe for their fruition, Pennsylvania may be justly styled the Morning Star of that sublime day which will yet break in splendor on the world, when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

If Pennsylvania be true to her origin, she has a grand future. Let thanks, then, arise to God, for the inheritance of such a Commonwealth, which in this tremendous crisis, has never yet failed to answer a lawful